## Che Rutland Berald

BUTLAND, VT.

G. H. BEAMAN. Editor & Publisher.

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A tertinements semple uously innortedfor & I per aquara (16 liano) for three works; 20 cm; per aquara will be altarged for each subsequent installat.

## HOLBROOK & SMITH, Manufacturers and Dealers in

BOOTS & SHOES,
of all kinds, also Good warranted Double
Below Boots by the dozen.
West atland, Sept. 3, 1850.

Uterine Catholic Auk for a pamphlet. For sale by Rations, Feb. 6, 1882. C. Beny & Sex BEW JEWELER'S SESP.

H. G. & A. W. Cl. ARK would respective the fully inform the inhubitants of Ruffeed and claimty that they have opened a chap in Pobline Block, Merchants Row, where they have for onle a good assertiment Of Watches. Weeks Trimmings, Clocks, Javelry, Silver Ware, Spectacles, Pancy Goods, &c. &c.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, & JEWELRY Really Repaired and Warranted. RUTLAND, VT.

## DOOT & SHOE STORE,

MAIN BYBRET, RUTLAND, VERMONT, In the Store formerly occupied by O. L. Rebinst we deser north of the Court House, where may be found all kinds of SECONS for both sere, children's west, &c., on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment. Please call and examine. P. MY NTT. Rationd, Fab. 12, 1892 747

PATENT MEDICINES NO CURE NO PAY!!!

M. L. SPENCER Has made 'such arrangements that he will be reafter be supplied by the Manufacturers with all the popular PATENT MEDICINES

of the day-many of which are warrented to give entiffaction to the purchaser or the mon-og will be refunded. The sure and call et the "Old Patent Medicine Emporium" nearly opposite the Franklin Hotel.

## A large supply of the Books recommended for use in Rutland Co, now on hand—and for sale to Merchants and others, at low prices. H. L. SPENCER

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral!

to the ONLY AUTHORISED AGENT for the genuine article. Call and see the decuments. H. L. SPENCER.

TRIUSSOLA W ILLINOLA MORN'S. (The genuine article,) from the proprietors, (Harrett & Bon)sol SPENCER,

I ADVERTISE nothing that I do not be Russian Liniament,

So le Aute and Proprietors.

C. BURT & SON. Rutland, Feb. 16, 1852.

BURNING FLUID THE LADIES EXCHANGE,

a large assortment of the Patent Improved Fluid Lumps of the following kinds:
Il tuging Nide, and Deak Lamps for churchs and Beeres. Astrol, Mantle, Entry, and Jand Lum is also Porter's Improved Burning Fluid. All the above will be sold at city prices for Cash.

Particular attention paid to ordere for the above articles. bora articles.

CHAS. PAGE.

SECREE BORRIST. [Late from the city of New York.]
West Portracy, Vi

WATERS HAIR DTS

For Sale at SPENCER'S. SPRING GOODS April 11, 1859.

Are no w receiving a splendid stock of DRY GOODS, BARDWARE & CUTLERY.

Druge, Medicines Charges,
Looking Glasses,
BOOTS AND SHOES Shor Kit and Findings. Pate at Medicia

Talk, Hate & Cape.

Lots, Hate & Cape.

Life subscriber to now becomes with the most percent of the cape of the cape.

Life incode and customers with the most percent of the for Hate and Care, at No. 1 Danielt Book Rotland. JOHN COOK.

KORSUTH HATS, 1853.

A MATE of all qualities for sale cheap at GOOK'S.

Gerden Soods,
Great measurement of the best quality just received by H L SPENCER. Drugs and Medicines, hore, for York make, latest style; there, for York make, latest style; the fresh GOODS nacqualled in ty. We offer no old shepware and

PORTET. THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

---

The moon and all her starry train

Were feding from the marning sky.
When from the half-room belle again
Returned with throbbing pulse and brai
Flushed throb and tearful eye.

The plumes that danced above her brow,
The geme that sparkled in her zone,
The prids to which he would not low,
Were laid saide—they macked her now
When desolate and lone. That night how many hearts she won!
The response helfe, she could not stir,
But, like the planets round the stin,
Her suiters followed—nil but one—
One all the world to her!

And she had lost him !--marrel not
The lady's eyes with tears were wet !
Though love by man is soon forgot,
It never yet was woman's lot
To love and to forget.

THE MECHANIC'S HOME.

BY AN EX EDITOR.

I write this simple narrative of the life of a New York mechanic as an experiment. It seems to me that it may be interesting and useful; but I may be mistaken in both. An author has the same partiality for his works that a parent has for his children; his babes are all beauties, and his gress all swans. Still, when I read in print what I have written - when my child is dressed up in other clothes - I think I can look at it with more impertiality. Will the reader take this little sketch on trust, and leave me time to

decide whether I shall write another? One evening in the carly part of winter the door bell rang with great energy, and the servant announced a man who wished to see me. A 'man' is one thing with a servant. a 'gentleman' another, and a 'person' some-thing different from either. The man stood in the hall, but I wondered why he had not been called a gentleman. I was puzzled where to place him my-self. His dress was very neat but plain and rather coarse. His linen, that badge of refinement, was white, in perfect order, and almost elegant. Everything about him seemed substantial; but nothing gave a clue to his position in life. In all outward seeming he was simply a man. When he spoke to me his address was simple, clear, direct, with a certain air of self-reliance, the farthest possible from a vulgar bustle.

'Doctor,' he said, 'I wish you to come and see my child. We fear he is threatened with the croup.'

lose. In this disease a single hour may make a life's difference.

had been playing out of doors, had cest treasures of the English tongue. 'Well, it is simple enough. When eaten heartily at supper, gone to sleep The man went to a bureau, opened Mary and I moved here and took poswalk still more and in a few minutes pay me. was at the door. We went up, up, up, to the fourth story. The last flight of stairs was carpeted, and a small lamp at the top lighted us up. An excellent and very durable kind of mat lay at the door. You will see in time why I give these little particulars.

I entered the open door and was welcomed by rather a pretty and remarkably tidy woman, who could have been nobody in the world but the wife of the man who had summoned me.

· I am glad you have come so soon, she said, in a soft pure accent. 'Little William seems so distressed that he can hardly breathe ;' and the next moment as we passed through a narrow passage where he lay I heard the ur.mistakable croupy sound, that justly carries such terrors to the parent's

'Is it the croup, doctor ?' asked the father, with a voice of emotion, as I bent over the child-three years

'It is certainly the croup, and a pretty violent attack. How long is it since you thought him sick ?"

' Not above an hour,' was the calm reply. It was made calm by self control. I looked at the mother. She was

very pale bu: did not trust herself to 'Then there is probably but little danger,' I said ; 'but we have something to do. Have you the water

here i' The husband went to what seemed closet, opened two doors, and disclosed a neat pine bathing tuh, supplied with the Croton. This was began age to earn a little over a dollar a day. which is quite enough for comfort, and youd my hopes, but I had no time to Mary helps some. With the house-wonder. The little fellow was in a work to do, and our boy to look after, mange, &c., costs as much as two dolcrib, where he lay upon a nice hair matters, fit for a prince to sleep on, I took off his clean night clothes, stood him in the bath tub, and made his father your full upon his neck and chest three tails of cold water, while I rub.

Left three tails of cold water, while I rub.

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Left three tails of cold water with the world. Which increases the lost with the water three tails of cold water with the water three three pails of cold water, while I rub-

not cost more than ten shillings—yet how beautifully it looked! The white window curtains were shilling muslin, but their folds hung as richly as if they were damash—and how very appropriate they seemed! The bath, with its snug folding deors, I knew had not cost, plumber's bill and all, some people think very pretty, but more than ten dollars. The toilet-table of an elegant form, and completely covered, I had no doubt was white ly inted lithographs—better, far better inted lithographs—better, far better in the large of the country.

I was hardly out of my time when learn a day, on the state of the large of mansion of his large is a barrel of potatoes. This is homely, the village agreed that the loving smile, as to fully justify some people in their notion.

When I had been one year a jour timed lithographs—better, far better newman, and had laid up a few dollars. Here is a lovy of super and this locked to the most aristocratic set of the country.

cheap, but which, like books, are in- and you see the result.'

changed. I could not as I often do, he'p ourselves.' inquire into the circumstances of the 'We found that we could earn. on

marks of honest toil.

ling to know more of him.

Take that, he said, placing a two ily, just one dollar more.' dollar note in my hand, with a not-to curious.

shoemaker.

'You must be an extraordinary give a party.'
workman,' said I, looking around the I know a se little troom, which seemed almost for he continued: luxurious; but then I looked at each 'Yes, give a party; and we have

tinted lithographs—better, far better neyman and had laid up a few dol-than oil paintings I have seen in the lars, (for I had a strong motive to be is our butter-jur. We take a quart of

for his bath, on his waking, we went it would do. I got it for fifty dollars ry will get up a dinner from these mainto the other room, which was differ- a year—and though the rents have ently but just as neatly arranged. It advanced all round, our landlord is might have answered for a perior, on- satisfied with that, or takes it in pref-Doctor, he said, I wish you to ome and see my child. We fear he threatened with the croup.'

I jut on my hat and prepared to with jietures—heads, historical jie had little to put in it save ourselves;

I was satisfied. Here was comfort, saying that it was just what they exserinces atealing over him, still he had little to put in it save ourselves; had little to put in it save ourselves; head a modest luxury, all enjoyed by a humble mechanic who had little to put in it save ourselves; head little to put in the save ourselves in preserved to little to put in the save ourselves. I have accompany him; for if the case was ces, and landscapes; all such as a but we went cheerfully to work, earnas he supposed there was no time to man of taste could select and buy ed all we could—saved all we could.

valuable. And speaking of books 'I see; but I confess I do not un In a moment we were in the street | there was a hanging library on one derstand it,' said I, willing to hear and walking briskly up one of our side of the chimney, which a glance him explain the economies of this mod-broad avenues. The child, he said, assured me contained the very choicest and beautiful home.

and waked up shortly very hearse with a drawer, and took out some money. session, with a table, two chairs, a crosking cough. The case was a pretty clear one, and I hurried my holding the bills so as to select one to a cot bed with a straw mattress, the first thing we did was to hold a ccun-Now I had made up my mind be cil of war. 'Now, Mary, my love,' fore I had got half way up the stairs, said I, ' here we are,- we have next that I might have to wait for my pay to nothing, and we have everything out any other moral than the injunction perhaps never get it; but this had to get, and nobody but ourselves to of Scripture. Go thou and do likewise.

man, and graduate my prices accordan average, eight dollars a week.—dingly. There he stood ready to pay We determined to live as cheaply as me, with money enough ; yet it was possible, save all we could, and make and now appears as the first line of a evident that he was a working man, ourselves a home. Our rent was a and far from wealthy. I had nothing dollar a week-our fuel, light, waterleft but to name the lowest fee. rent and some little matters, a dollar one dollar does not seem enough, more. We have allowed the same said he. 'You have saved my child's amount for our ciothing, and by buylife, and have been at more trouble ing the best things, and keeping them than to merely write a prescription. earefully, we dress well enough for Do you work for your living ? I that. Even my wife is satisfied with asked hoping to solve the mystery. her wardrobe, and finds that raw silk
He smiled and held out his hand, at six shillings a yard is cheaper in which showed the unquestionable the long run than calco at one shilarks of honest toil.

\*You are a mechanic?' I said, wil- and we still had our living to pay for. That costs us, with three in our fam-

be refused air, - and I will gratify No-one dollar for all. You seem your euriosity; for there is no use in surprised, but we have reckoned pretending that you are not a little it over and over. It cost more at first, but we have learned te live both There was a hearty, respectful free- better and cheaper - so that we have dom about this that was irresistible. a clear surplus of four dollars a week, I put the note in my pocket, and the after paying all expenses of rent, fireman going to an opposite door, opened light, water, clothing and food. I do it into a closet of moderate size, and not count our luxuries, such as an displayed the bench and tools of a evening at the theatre, a concert, or a little treat to our friends when we

I know a smile came over my face

item I found that it cost very little. some pleasant ones, I assure you.high fever, and laboring for every she carns enough to make our wages lare; but this is not often. Out of breath. Taking him from his little average eight dollars a week. We our surplus—which comes, you see, to

than oil paintings I have seen in the houses of millionaries—yet they can be bought at Williams & Stevens' for from three to five shillings, and a dollar apiece had framed them. The floor had a carpet that seemed to mach everything, with its small, neat figure, and light chamber color. It was a jewel of a room, in as perfect keeping in all its parts as if an artist had designed it.

Leaving the little boy to his untroubled sleep and giving directions for his bath, on his waking, we went it would do. I got it for fifty dollars for his bath, on his waking, we went it would do. I got it for fifty dollars is our butter-jar. We take a quart of country milk a day. I buy the rest of country milk a day. I buy the r

I was satisfied. Here was comfort, intelligent taste and a modest luxury, plaining might be saved-how much geneine happiness enjoyed - how much of evil and suffering might be prevented, if all the workmen of New York were as wise as William Curter?

I never shook a man or woman by the hand with more hearty respect than when I said 'Good night' to this happy couple, who in this expensive city, are living in luxury and growing rich on eight dollars a week, and making the bench of a shoemaker a chair of prat-

Reader, if you are inclined to profit by this little narrative, I need not write out any other moral than the injunction

A RING MOTTO .- " Wound not the heart whose love thou art," was the motto on a ring of Mary Queen of Scots, very simple, pretty song, by Lyra Burd, in the Transcript :--

Would not the heart whose love thou art Her hope is round thy bein twined : Then how canet thou with sorrow bo v The heart that loves, by words unkind !

Wound not the heart whose love thru art She gave the, hie and soul for thee? would not bleed, by word or deed, The heart that did so much for me."

HARD OF BLLIEF. - Joe R who is an incredulous dog, was listening to a wonderful story told by old B-, in which his daughter Mary bore a conspicuous part. Joe looked wise and doub ful.

" If you don't Lelieve it, you may go to the house and sub Mary, and take it from her lips." Joe took him at his word; the old man followed on to see the result and

tound Joe kissing Mary sweetly. "What on earth are you about."

"Oh, taking that awful tough story from her own lips—but I am eatisfied

()" I hate to hear people talk be-hind one's back," as the pickpocket said when the constable called " stop thief."

marry her second husband because the loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and would come so good to wear his old

. I should be very sorry if we spent more than that for eights. to say no hally .- or, until it kills or cures '

This is a barrel of wheat. I buy the best, and am sure that it is clean and good. It costs less than three cents a pound, and a pound of wheat a day, you know, is food enough for any man. We make it into bread, mush, pies and cakes. Here is a barrel of potatoes. This is hominy. Here are some beans, a box of rice, tapioca, macaroni. Here is a barrel of apples, the best in Fulton Marmott aristocratic and settled to her ideal; for I e was both rich and talented, and belonged besides to the most aristocratic set of the country.

most aristocratic set of the county.

Horace seemed to larte been con quored, by her charms, the very first

not less so

Rut, all at once Horace Delaney ceased his attentions to the brauty of the village, and was soon beheld as assiduou-in his attentions to Esther Raymond, as he had ever been to her more beautiful rival. Everybody was as-tounded, except a few elders of the place, with whom Esther had always been a favorite, who shook their heads however, as he sits chatting with a confidential friend, and hear the real cause

of the change. 'You must know Esther,' he said .-She is modesty personified, yet her fal ents are extraordinary, and her amia-bility and accomplishments as great.— Indeed her modesty by causing slayness makes many think her plain ; but plain she is not, at least to all who know her for in familiar conversation, the enthesiasm of her soul kindles her counten. ance into a spiritual beauty that is in-

You were soon off with the beautiful Miss Gordon, of whom you wrote so rapturously the first week you spent

Horace blashed a little, for he felt now foolish he had been, as he replied, 'Yes she dazzled me for a while, but I soon found my error; though I emmot yet forgive myself for being dup-ed even for a week, by a pair of fine eyes and a coquett's artificial manner.'

'Is she a beauty merely.'
'Merely and entirely a beauty, never thout is how she looks. Her mind is a stream of which one gets the plummet immediately.'

Yet you seemed so enraptured at first, that I fear she may have begun to like you.'

Hornce laughed 'No fear of that, my good fellow. She loves herself too intensely ever to love any man. Ah? what a contrast between her and Esther. It is like passing from a crowded, close ball room with its glare of gas and its hum of meaningless conversa-tion, to the free air of heaven, with the birds singing, the waters gurgling, and the sunshine sparkling around you

the sunshine spackling around you 'You are poetical'

'And so you will be too, when you know Eather. But come put on your hat, it is time to go there : and I want you to be quite intimate before you re
niber, and here I am hi Mr Sampson's last niber, and here I am hi Mr Sampson's last niber, and here I am hi Mr Sampson's last niber, and here I am hi Mr Sampson's last niber, and here I am hi Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am hi Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am hi Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and here I am him Mr Sampson's last niber and last turn to be my brideeman." A month from that time saw Horace on this road all look alike—it's very

Delaney married to Zether Raymond. queer.'
The Bride really looked beautiful on 'Ver The Birds really looked beautiful on that auspicious morning; and what is leer which seemed to any—you can't fool me, old fellow.'

er since. Would you know why? Because an intelligent mind, united to a ing?' said the traveller.

generous heart is the creator of beauty, even where it does not originally ex-

The youth who left his home because his mother would not allow him to wear a standing collar, is now acting as corresponding secretary to a caravan.

Seek Cone.—\* See-sergent oil" is

THE TRANSMENT OF MANY STATES AND THE TRANSMENT OF THE TRANS

and was skirted on one side by an mcommon high fence. So he footed is for about three hours longer, until a glance at the position of the sun satglance at the position of the sun satisfied him he had better procure him is noonday meal. He called at a small dwelling by the roadsile, and the following dialogue ensued between him and boy standing in the doorway:

'Who lives here, my son?

'Mr Sampson sir',

'Do you keep a tavern.?

'Why, sorter, and sorter not—we are

Why, sorter, and sorter not-we ac-

'Can I get a dinner here !' Yes sir-walk in.

Our traveller walked in, and in the course of half an hour a nice comfortable dinner, smoking hot was placed before Before he renewed his labors, however, he took the precaution to fill his

pipe carefully and then lit it, Fresh and vigorous as ever he pushed ahead; but as the sen crept down the horizon, Mr Smith began to feel some degree of house by the road side, be inquired of the youth seated spon the threshold.

'Who lives here my son?" 'Mr Sampson, sir.' 'Can I get supper and lodging here

by paying?" Certainly, cir-walk in." Mr Smith crossed the threshold, laid side his hat and cane, drank a cup of tea and ate two or three slices of foast, read four chapters in 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' which he found upon the mantel piece, and went to bed. he awoke in the morning the sun was just showing its broad red disc above the tree tops. He found the breakfast upon the table waiting for him. He finished the morning meal, and com-menced his travels the second day. One simple thing attracted his attention - the road was exceedingly uniformbut the fact excited no surprise. At noen he called at a snug little house, and asked a lad who was gazing out of a

window-Who lives here my son ?

Mr. Sampson, sir.
Our travellor paused a moment, reflected, and seemed to be couning over mere Mank. Or rather a shallow some name or circumstance in his mind

-at last he said. 'Are there many of the name of Sum pson on this road my son?

'A good many said the boy.
'I thought so, Can you gire me dinner here, my son?
'Certainly, sir-walk in.
Mr. Smith stepped in availowed his

dinner, and once more took to the root When night earne on, he of course stopped at the first house on his way. A youth sat upon a wheelbarrow at the door, whittling.
'Who lives here, my son!'

again. Besides the houses I have seen

'Very queer,' replied the boy with a